THE BAWDS TRYAL AND EXECUTION:

ALSO,

A short Account of her whole Life & Travels.

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With ALLOWANCE.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE BAWDS TRYAL, AND EXECUTION,

AN unfortunate Soldier of *Venus*, retir'd out of hot ſervice to a cool Shade to reſt his wearied Body, and to curſe the Bawd that ſold him the *French* Commodity, (that vendible Diſeaſe) at ſo vaſt a rate; Paſſionately woo'd the Heavens to diſcharge a Volly of Thunder-bolts, or *Sodom* Fire-brands upon the compound of Leachery and Injuſtice; Or at leaſt to let him live to ſee her die ſome Ignominious death. His Suit was half heard, for ſleep (that is ſometimes kind as well as cruel, that often grants the Lover thoſe Satisfactions, which the Coy Dame denies, that lends the Begger Gold, and fills his empty Purſe with imaginary Riches, that feaſts the Epicure at night with Meats leſs ſurfeiting than thoſe he eats by day, that often gets the Criminal a nights Reprieve, and ſometimes gives the Sentence before the Judge has heard the Cauſe,) play'd the pretty Conjurer; and in a Dream, as in a Magick-glaſs, ſhew'd him that Fate that Heaven had deſigned the Perjured Bawd, that Sold him ſtinking Stock-Fiſh, and ſwore 'twas Ling.

The Scene was Princeſs *Agnotes* Court, whither this Pox-blaſted Knight was carried on the wings of Fancy, to Dream the following Tragedy.

He Fancied that he lay in a ſtrong Caſtle, whoſe Walls were proof againſt the Still Artillery of *Venus*'s Eyes, and *Cupid*'s Laſcivious Shot, whoſe Torch that makes thoſe different Climates, the torrid, temperate and the frigid *Zones* in Loves fantaſtick World, could not keep lighted in this cold Region. The place was guarded by the circumſpect *Coſmierchus*, and weary *Aidos*, and Victualled by the aſſiſtance of *Sophroſynarchus*, with a ſufficient plenty of *Anchorites* cold Wine, and *Hermits* unbought Meats; (an admirable Antidote againſt the Laſcivious poyſon) for it made all the Inhabitants *Venus*-proof, and kept that Animal the Body, free from all frollicking, or getting head of Reaſon, juſt in caſe to carry the Soul ſmoothly. Of ſuch a temper above the reſt, was the chief Judge of this Court *Philagnotus*, before whom (in a coſtly Dreſs, bought at the immenſe price of Soul and Honour,) ſtood the guilty Punk grown decrepit with her Crimes that hung more heavy on her head than the ponderous weight of Threeſcore Years. Her old Eyes, (thoſe loathſom ſnuffs of Laſcivious lights) were ſunk deep into the ſkonſe, but ſtill endeavoured to caſt forth from the bottom of the ſocket an amorous glimmering, that raviſhed juſt as much as the twinkling Relique of an expiring Candle, that burns, but ſtinks, and ſmokes, and now and then glances a dull offenſive light upon the Nauſeating Beholders: Her Lips, which ſhe ever made the Whetſtones of her Luſt were worn ſo thin with a multitude of ſharpening Kiſſes, that they ſerved no longer as a Screen to hide her rotten Teeth; for thoſe Bone-Charcoles burnt almoſt to duſt with the liquid Fire of hot Drinks, appeared through her Tiffany Lips as black as Night or her own *Ithiopian* Soul: Her Skin was as rivel'd as a ſheet of Parchment that had been too haſtily dry'd after taking wet, which ſhe endeavoured to put a Youth upon with the borrow'd Complexion of a Paint; ſo her old Bones were caſed with a new varniſh cover, like the Skeleton of a decrepid Chair clad in a new Skin of Painted Leather: Old age like a Cold Winter, had dreſt her Head with a Hoary-Froſt of Gray-Hairs, which made this Cynder'd lump of Luſt look like the Burning *Ætna*, which in ſpight of his continual Flames has his Head Powder'd with a Cold Snow: Her Breath (the Venemous Vapour exhaled out of the Common-ſhore) infected ſo the Air, that a Toad could ſcarce live in it; 'twas too ſtrong a Stench to proceed from a common Corruption, 'twas certainly her Ulcerated Soul that ſtunck through her Body to that rate, that the whole Aſſembly had Drunk up Poiſon through their Noſtrills, had not the Infectious Exhalation been countermin'd by the Perfumed Breath of the fair *Parthenia*, her inveterate enemy, who ſtood ready to accuſe her to the Judge, and turn her inſide out, that her hidden Crimes might appear to every Vulgar Eye. The very Perſon of that Chaſte Virgin did plead againſt her, her Looks were Words; her Geſtures, Arguments; her Modeſt Countenance, Silent Rethorick; that all accuſed her Lewdneſs to the Judge equally, as much as her Tongue, which thus decypher'd her.

My

My Lord (ſaid ſhe) to ſearch into this wicked womans Life, is to Dive in a Jaques; To Paint her in her proper Colours, is to draw a Picture to be Scar'd with: Like ſome Timerous Painter, that with a lucky hand, Copies the Devil ſo well, that he Trembles at the Spirit which his Majeſtick Pencil rais'd; no leſs than a Young Conjurer at the unruly Fiend which his Charms ſummon'd into his Circle: Yet I cannot but think it juſt, that we rather ſuffer our own Stomach to be turn'd with ſtirring this Filth, than let Vice go without the grand puniſhment of being publiſh'd.

Before ſhe had quite ſhaken off the womans Curb, (her Modeſty,) ſhe laboured to be wicked, never offended without a Contract: But when ſhe had gazed away all ſhame with ungarded looks, and with a looſe Tongue baniſh'd from her Face the bluſh which (where it ebs and flows) does keep our actions all in awe, and makes our hearts not dare to think a ſin for fear of being diſcovered; that Writes us guilty in our Faces, ſpeaks our Minds, truer then our Tongue, reviles our Actions, checks our Deſigns, rebukes our Thoughts, and makes us publiſh our own Ignominy to the World; And when we endeavour to conceal it, gives our Tongue the lye: when this was gone, ſhe ſtrain'd, and reach'd, to caſt up all remorſe, which for a time kept her Conſcience in ſuch a temper, that the Crimes ſhe ſwallow'd now and then, rejolted; But when ſhe had purg'd her ſelf of that, ſhe ſinn'd at quiet, free from the clamorous Duns of Conſcience. And then became as impudent as the Winds that Kiſs all they meet, as lewd as a naked Statue that ſhews it ſelf to all that will look upon it, as common as the Earth her ſelf, that will lye under any thing that will caſt it ſelf upon her. She daily ſent out Laſcivious Glances, Lewd Geſtures, and Obſcene Words to Forrage for her Luſt, and bring her home ſome unwary Prey for that Breaſt-woolf; a Diſeaſe now grown almoſt incurable, to feed upon: She would make love unto a Bull, beg round the Town to ſin, and Court all ſhe met with to Damn her. Thus did ſhe Tun in Luxury by full Bowls, but like to thoſe that Drink off Frozen Liquors that ſo benum the Pallet, that after the third Swallow, they Taſte no more, but ſtill Drink on, becauſe 'twas once a pleaſure; for at laſt ſhe ſinn'd paſt all Delight, and then play'd the Glutton that Eats, when Eating is a Torment; and thinking on't a Pain. By this time ſhe had out-done *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*; ſo that there was nothing left to Rival her but Hell, and that too you would think ſhe emulated, when you look upon the wickedneſs of her later Years, which did outdo her former Actions, as much as thoſe, the Crimes of other Mortals. For when old Age had made her Loathſom to man, even in the hotteſt Feaver-fit of Luſt, or Extaſie of Wine and her Jaded Body tir'd under her, and left her to the dry delight of wiſhes and deſires; ſhe ſat her down to a naſty Feaſt, to Chew the Cud, and Feed on Meats ſhe had already Eat, but brought up again with a ruminating reach of Fancy to Chew over the ſecond time. Thus would ſhe ſit, and ſin her whole life over a Thought, double all her Crimes in an Hour, by committing

them once more by an unrepenting Commemoration; and with the force of Fancy, as with an Alembick, Diſtill all her wickedneſs into one Fulſom drop, and ſo Drink the extract of Epitomiz'd evils, which was ſcarce ſtrong enough for her Monſtrous Stomach. Thinking was an empty Pleaſure, and Acting was not in her power: So, as if ſhe had not done enough, ſhe kept others to be wicked for her, enjoying their Crimes, finning their ſins, and now Magnificiently offending, for ſhe lay with all the Lechers of the Town by Proxy. Thus ſhe became Solicitreſs to Hell, and Factreſs for the Devil, doing his buſineſs in making up Adulterous Matches, joyning Lecherous hands, cheating Virgins of their Purity, cauſing Duells, Divorcing Friends, and Enticing in unwary Maids with her decoying Proſtitutes, that ſhe ſent out to all the publick Walks of the Town. So now ſhe had ſet up Shop and Traffiqu'd publickly in ſin, ſo well furniſh'd with the Merchandize of Hell, that there was no poſſibility of being Chaſte (as formerly) for want of opportunity. For ſhe Retail'd out Vice and Wickedneſs, and ſet ſo high a Price on Evil, that made her wretched Chapmen (O Damnable Impoſition!) pay for their own Damnation, Buy Hell at a vaſt Rate, and give their whole Fortunes to go to the Devil.

Here Chaſte *Parthenia* made a little Pauſe to take Breath, and would have gone on with her vigorous Accuſation, had ſhe not ſeen Sir *Cully Bubble* Impatient to crowd in his ſad Story.

The poor Spung'd Knight reſted upon a pair of weak props, Hams ſo limber that at every third word they let his Body fall almoſt half way to the ground, which he ſtill endeavoured to raiſe again with all the ſtrength he had; ſo that he ſtood Courteſying before the Judge like a Water-Wagtail, only that he did not riſe with ſo Vigorous a Spring: He was ſo Lean and Thin, that you might almoſt ſee his Soul through his Body; his Pate as Bald as a Braſs Bullet, his Eyes withdrawn ſo far within his Head, that they ſeem'd retir'd to the other ſide to look out behind: His Blood all ſpent in his Miſtreſſes ſervice, his Cheeks ſo Thin, that you might ſee the one through the other; and his whole Body in no better Caſe than a Skeleton, only that it had a Skin. Poor man he look'd like ſome tir'd Jade hard Work'd all day, and Rid out every night by a Malitious Hagg upon her wicked Rambles, almoſt to Hell and back again: He was ſo weak, that he had ſcarce ſtrength to move his Tongue, nor had he Breath enough to ſpeak, but was fain to Puff and Blow, and Sigh out his Accuſations like a hard Bagpipe; which, when the Wind does fail it, ſpeaks no more its Muſick Language, but ends its Tune in a gentle whiſper: At laſt a Lowd blaſt of Sighs, the conſtant Harbengers of Complaint and Grief uſher'd in his Lamentable Tale.

For me but to appear, cry'd he, is little leſs than Evidence: I have brought in more than half an Accuſation, by ſhewing the ruines of a Manly Fabrick, brought to this decay by that wicked Womans unjuſt practices, that deſtroy as quick as Thunder, and as ſure as Time. 'Twas that Sorcereſs that firſt ſtript me of the Man, and put me on the Beaſt, trans-

transforming me with the Charms of Luſt, and Magick power of Wine, into a Creature worſe than Irrational; and then I ſerv'd like one of *Circe*'s Suiters, if not in all Forms, at leaſt contracting the numerous Species of all Beaſts into that grand one of *Deſotted Man*. When ſhe would Rob me, (as ſhe ever did when I had any thing to loſe) ſhe found a way to do it as undiſcoverably, as if ſhe had wore *Gyges* his Ring: for when ſhe had Rock'd me in her Laſcivious Arms into a Lethargy of ſin, or tranſported me into an extaſie of Lecherous Love, ſhe would Rifle my Pockets, and Plunder my Fingers, with as little danger of being felt, as one that ſteals Bracelets from the Arms of ſome Heathens Marble Goddeſs, or robs the Spulchres of the Dead to pull off Rings from the Cold Fingers of a ſenſeleſs Carcaſs: She would make me Drunk to promiſe half my Fortune, and then Drunk again ro perform my promiſe: So great a Thief that ſhe ſtole even that, that was given her; for he that does receive what a Drunkard gives, ſteals what he receives. She would promiſe with a Thouſand Oaths to get me untouch'd Roſe-Buds, which not ſo much as the innocent Bee had ever Deflowr'd, or *Eunuch Drone* rob'd of their Virgin Sweetneſs; nor ſcarce the curious Sun ever caſt a glance on; and then give me the Naſty Carcaſs of ſome ſtinking Flower, wither'd with Old-Age, caſt off by the Vulgar, and thrown aſide to Rot. Thus damning her Soul thrice in one Act with a *Lye*, *Fraud* and *Perjury*: She would bind her ſelf in a bond of her Salvation and Eternity, to bring me to an *Eliſium*, more ſweet and raviſhing than the Fancy of the Poets could make theirs; and then like a malicious Punk lead me into a Bog more ſtinking than the Lake *Avernus*, which with the peſtiferous Vapours it ſends up, Shoots down the Birds that fly over it. She was ſo great a Thief, that ſhe loved the Theft better than ſhe did the Money, and ſo knowing in the Science, that one hand would Steal from the other: So great a Lyer, that ſhe ſuſpected what her own Heart told her: So apt to detract from all ſhe heard well ſpoken of, that if you told her God was pure, ſhe would Blaſpheme to contradict it: So Faithleſs and ſo Fickle, that you might fear ſhe would prove unconſtant even in Self-love, and hate her ſelf, to hate all mankind: So great a Drunkard, that ſhe was come to Drink Wine like Air, and was never leſs Drunk than when ſhe was a Brimmer; like a Sack-butt, that takes in its Liquor kindly; and when it's full, ſtands ſteadieſt, apteſt to reel when its empty.

Here Sir *Cully* had run himſelf off his Wind, which he could no more recover than a pair of crack't Bellows, which with ſome trouble you may make fetch Breath thick and ſhort; but never gather Wind enough to do your buſineſs.

The Lewd Criminal ſtood all this time in a confus'd poſture, half puniſht before the Sentence in having her Crimes thus publiſht. She endeavour'd to make ſome weak reply, and gaped twice to ſpeak, but her words cleaved to the Roof of her Mouth, loth to come out for to be Hiſt at; and her Tongue was aſham'd to ſpeak the Lyes her Heart ſuggeſted: So ſhe had been quite Mute, had not the baniſht Bluſh,

that never appeared in her Face ſince Vice had Braſs-gilt it over with Impudence, roſe in Judgment againſt her, and in ſpight of her Silence, made her whole Countenance cry Guilty. Whereupon, (as ſuch) the Judge juſtly Condemn'd her, and thus gave Sentence.

That Body of thine ripen'd with the heat of Luſt, ſhall now begin to Rot, and leave the World not as it came in, altogether, but creep unto its ruine, Limb after Limb, that thou mayeſt feel the killing pangs of Diſſolution in every Artery, and ſuffer a general ſlaughtet in one ſingle body, by being Murther'd in each Member: Thou ſhalt not Drink thy Death all at a Draught, but let it down drop by drop, that thou mayeſt Taſte thy puniſhment; For 'tis not to dye, but to be dying, that makes death a Torment.

Purſuant to this Sentence, the great Executioner of this Court, *Aſtræa*, hurri'd her away, already infected with the contagious Diſeaſe that began to ſpread over her whole body, faſter than a Water-Circle over the ſurface of a dead Pool, and Eat more Hungrely than *Aqua-fortis*, deſtroying all the way it went, and leaving nothing behind it but Putrefaction: Her Noſe began preſently to creep off her Face upon the backs of Maggots, her Legs walk'd from under her, her Eyes (thoſe once fooliſh Lovers Planets) became falling Stars, and dropt from their Orbs, lay like filthy Jelly upon the ground; her Lips, ſo often Nick-named *Cherries*, rotted off the Tree: The Roſes of her Cheeks (long ſince faded and decay'd,) began now to Putrify; her Tongue and Teeth were blown out of her Mouth with her vehement Sighs, and her Fleſh fell from her Bones all round her, like melting Snow from the Boughs of an over burthen'd Tree, and as it dropt, (imitating the original of *Scotch* Barnacles,) became Vermine, and run away from her, lothing the Monſtrous Soul from whom 'twas got looſe. So have I ſeen a Carrion when 'twas grown too courſe a diſh for Ravens, and too ſtinking Diet for the hungrieſt Curs of the Town, lye and rot away into Magotts, and then walk about the Field into another ſhape, and haunt the place where it lay in other forms.

When the poor Gentleman, that lay all this time Dreaming, ſaw the Bawd fall aſunder, he burſt forth into Acclamation of Joy, and with Noiſe waked himſelf, and ſo undid the Spell that ſleep had made; at which all vaniſht like an Inchanted Caſtle when the Charms are ended, or a Magick Viſion, which diſappears at the firſt word that is ſpoke, contrary to the Covenant of the Conjurer. The poor man waked, little better ſatisfi'd than the Glutton with the Feaſt, or Miſer with the Gold he Dream'd on, or Lover with the Empty Embraces a Kind and Courteous Sleep beſtow'd upon him. But reflecting how clearly all things were repreſented; how true the Accuſation, how juſt the Puniſhment, he fancied 'twas ſomething more than a Dream, and ſo concluded when he conſider'd, that Sleep was ſometimes Prophetick as well as Fabulous, and had its true Viſions, as well as Phantoms.

F I N I S.